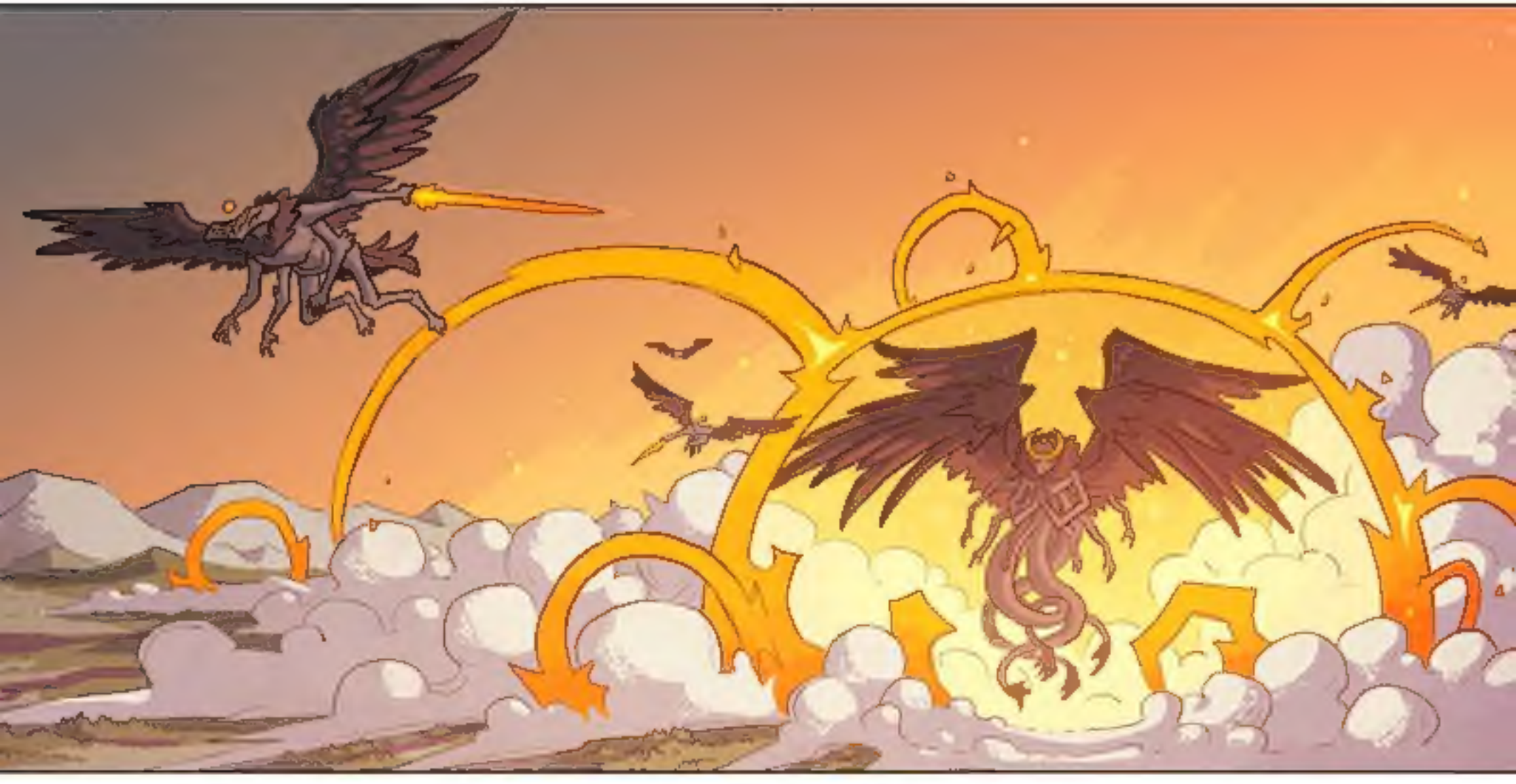
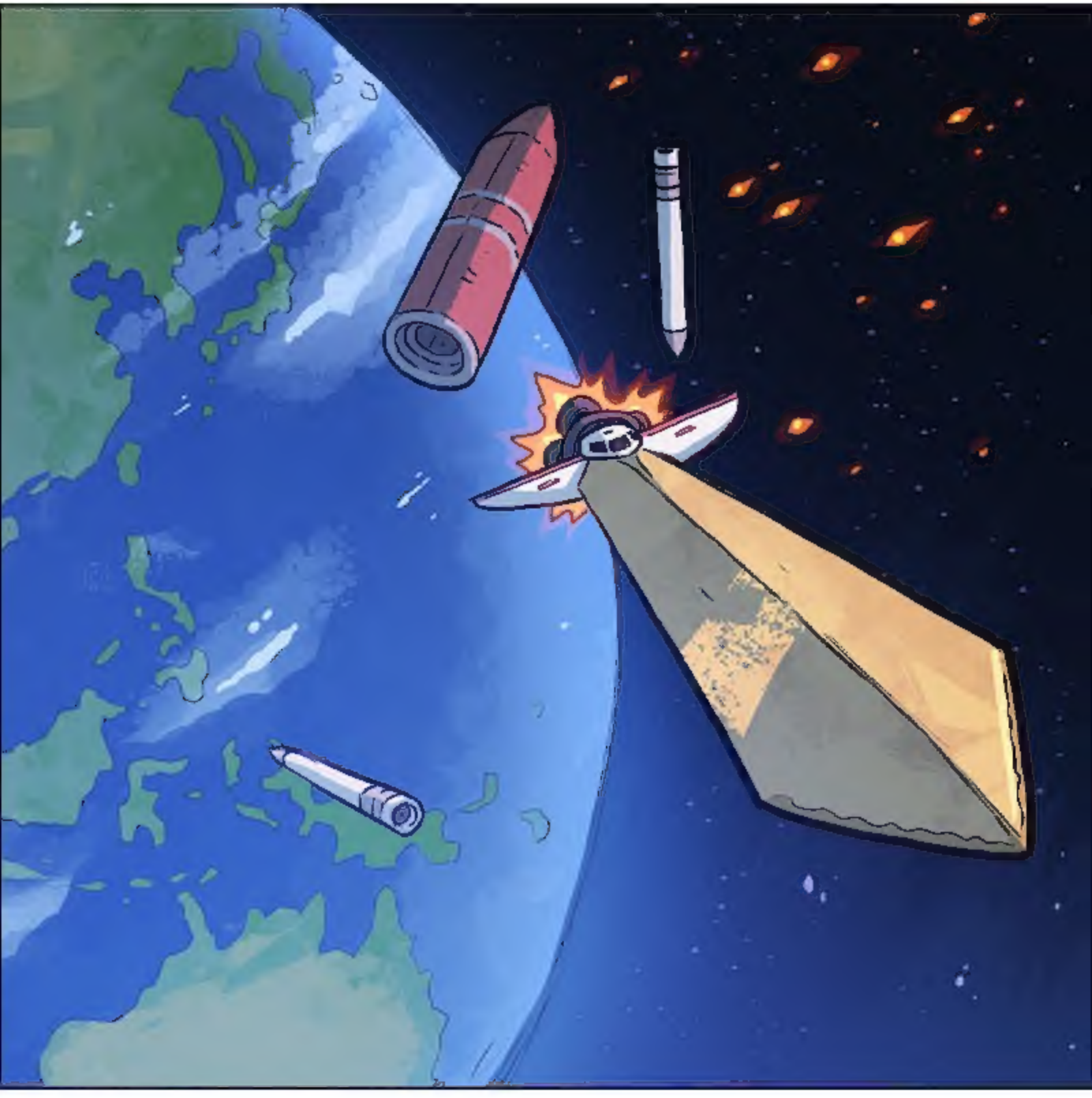
THE SWORD INTERVAL

BEN FLEUTER

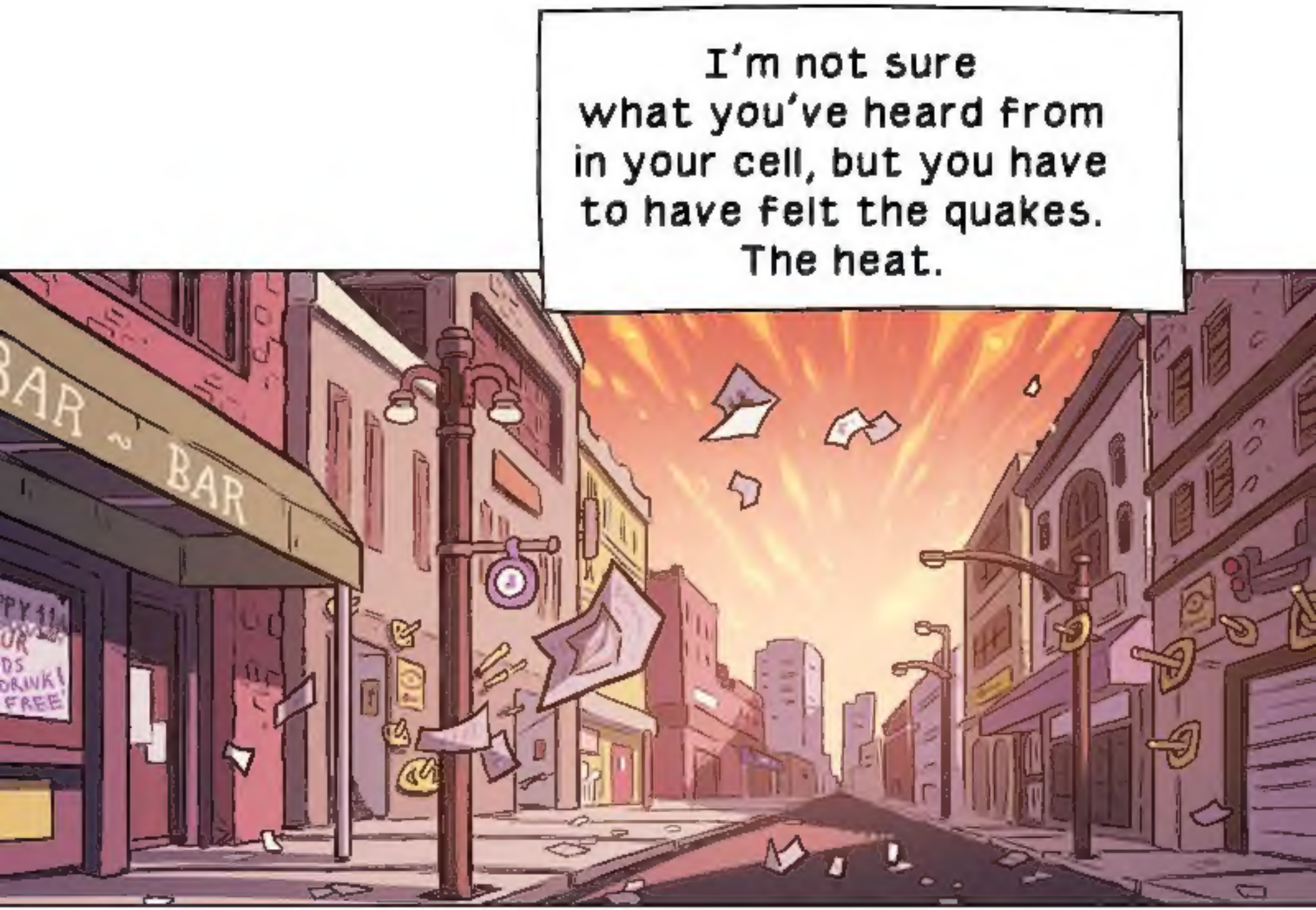


S-742

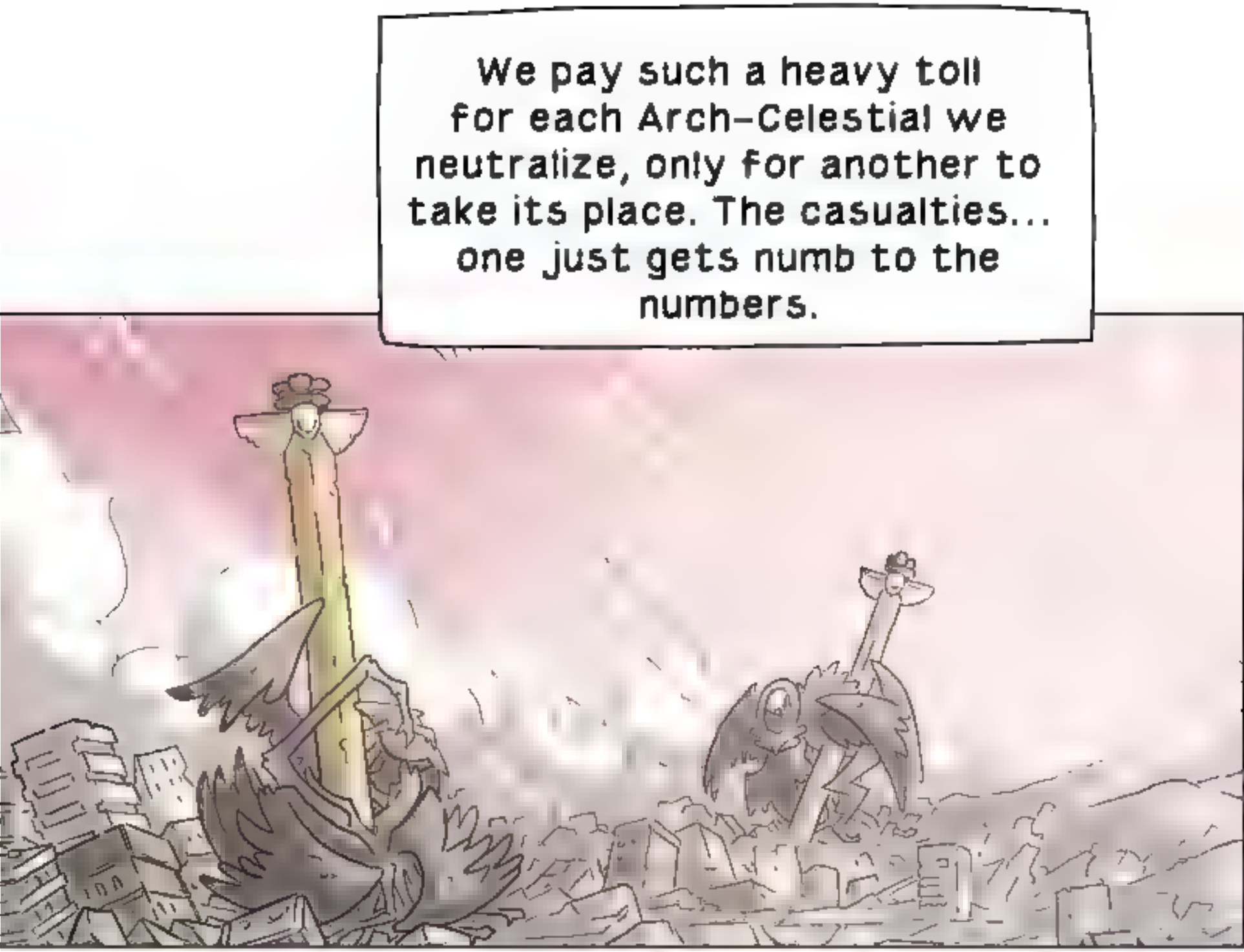


ONE YEAR LATER...

We can't hold out much longer. And I don't mean Atlas. I mean everyone.

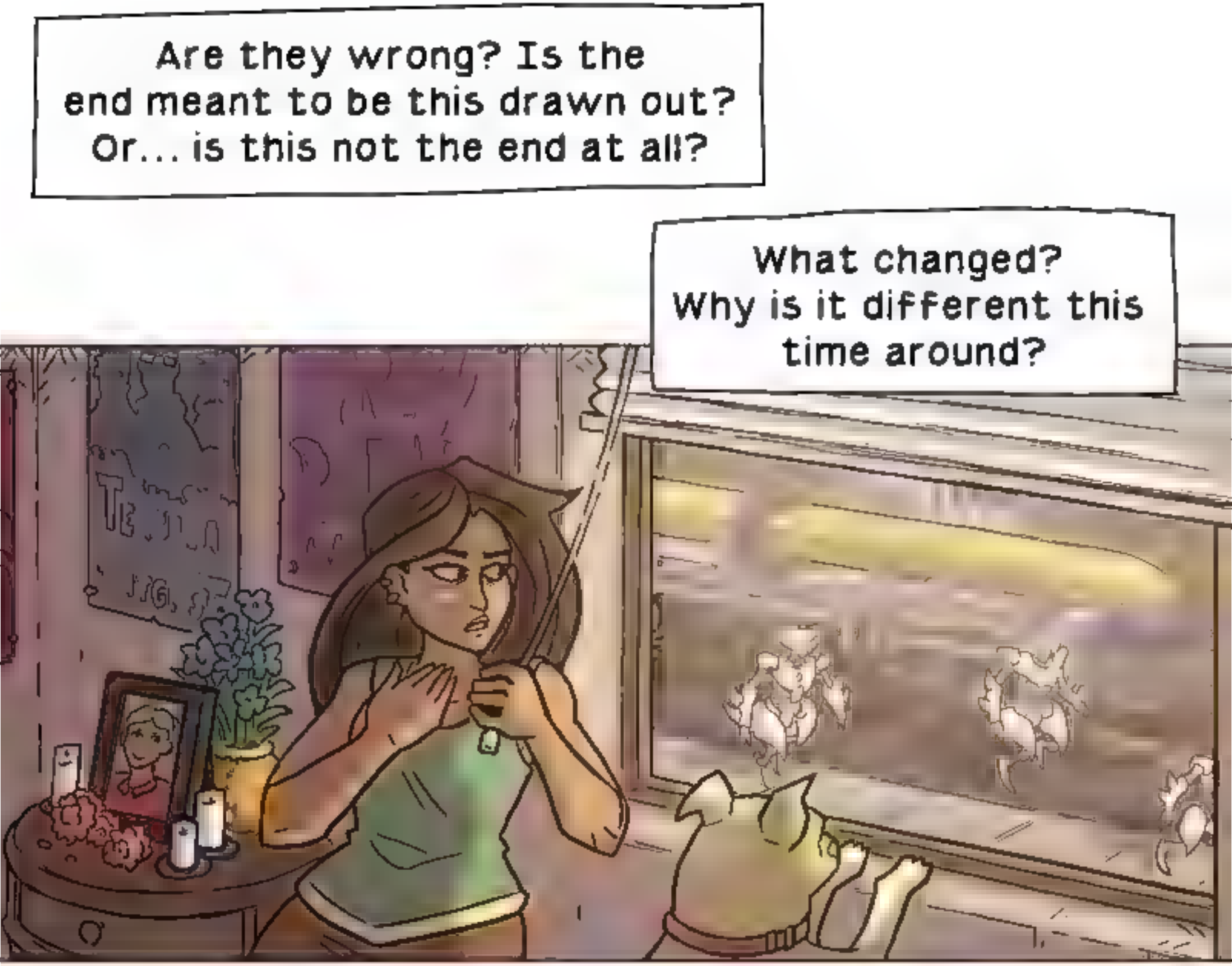

I'm not sure what you've heard from in your cell, but you have to have felt the quakes. The heat.
BAR ~ BAR
DRINK!
FREE

This heat... you just can't avoid this pervasive, clinging ***heat***.


We pay such a heavy toll for each Arch-Celestial we neutralize, only for another to take its place. The casualties... one just gets numb to the numbers.

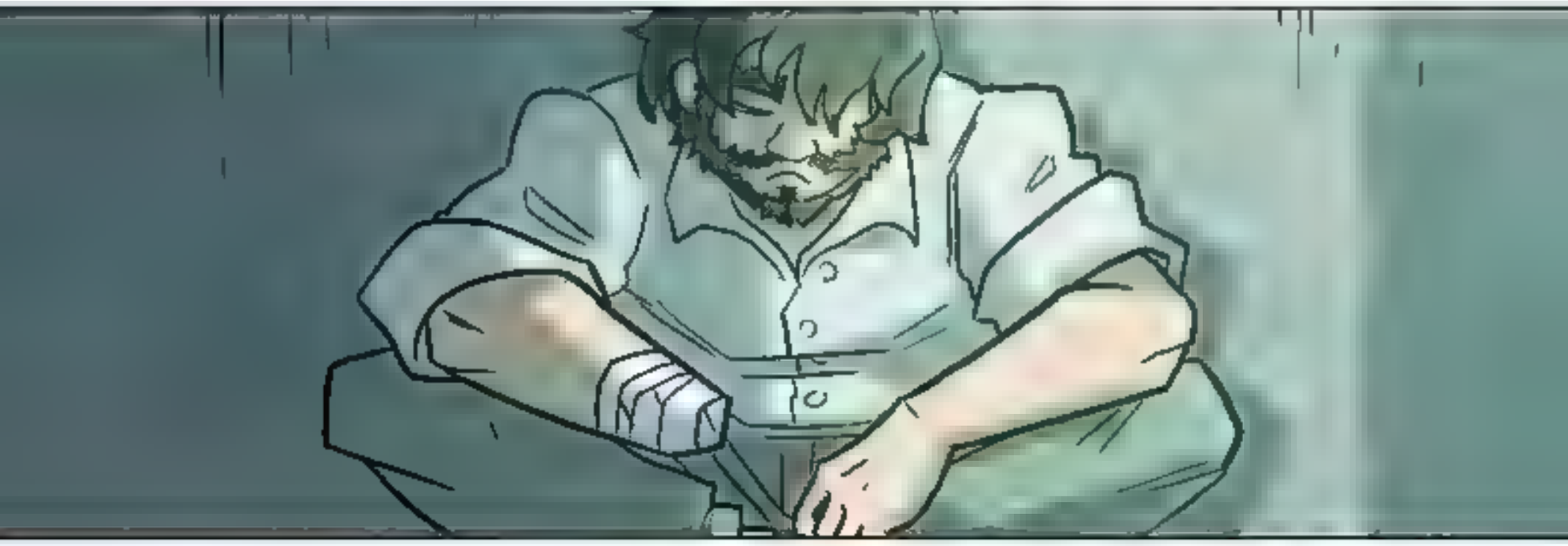
We weren't told it would be like this, you know. The higher-ups, wherever they get their knowledge, they were adamant that the Harbinger would call down the entire celestial host - that when the end came, it would be ***quick.***

A bang and not a whimper, if you will.

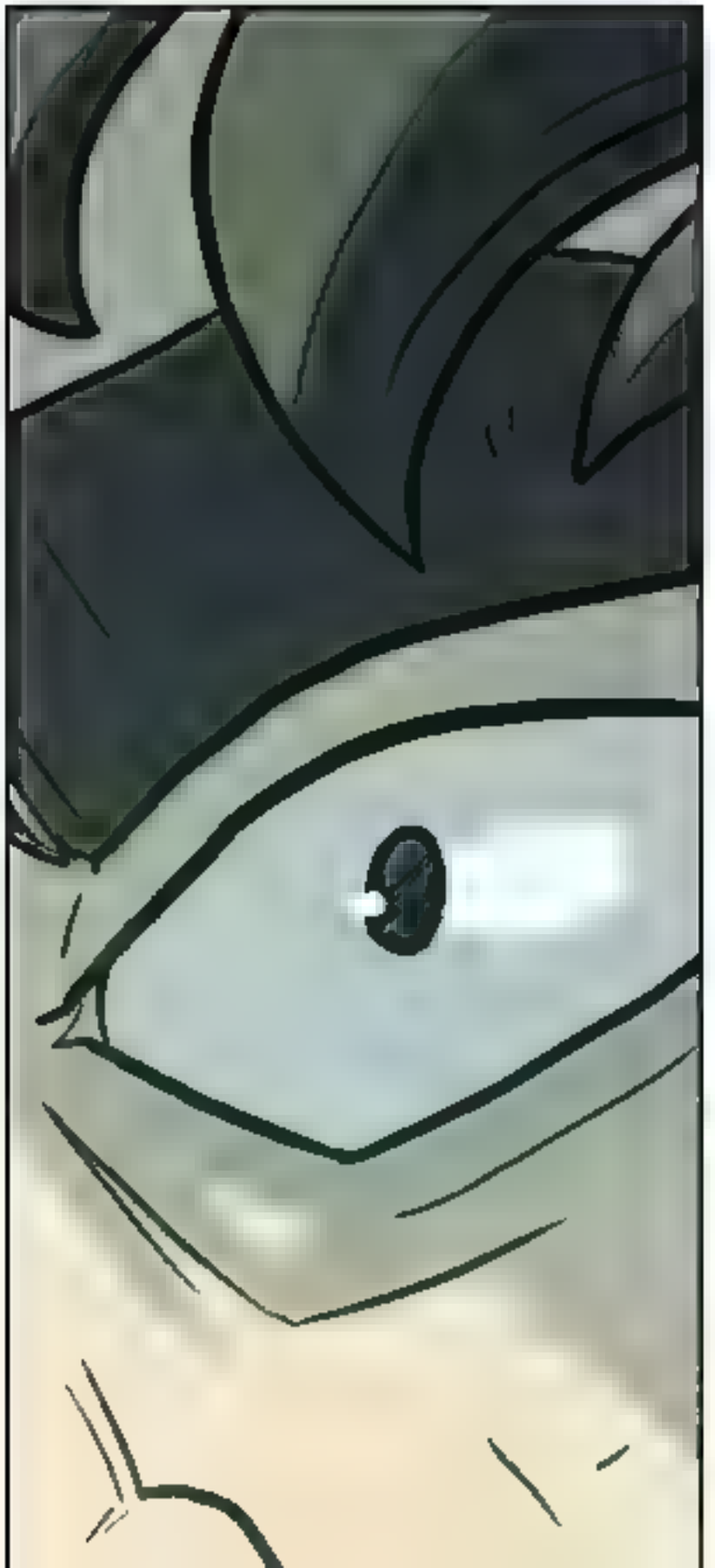

Are they wrong? Is the end meant to be this drawn out? Or... is this not the end at all?
What changed? Why is it different this time around?

I'll ask you one more time.

What *happened* in the Hierophant's dungeon, David Shimizu?



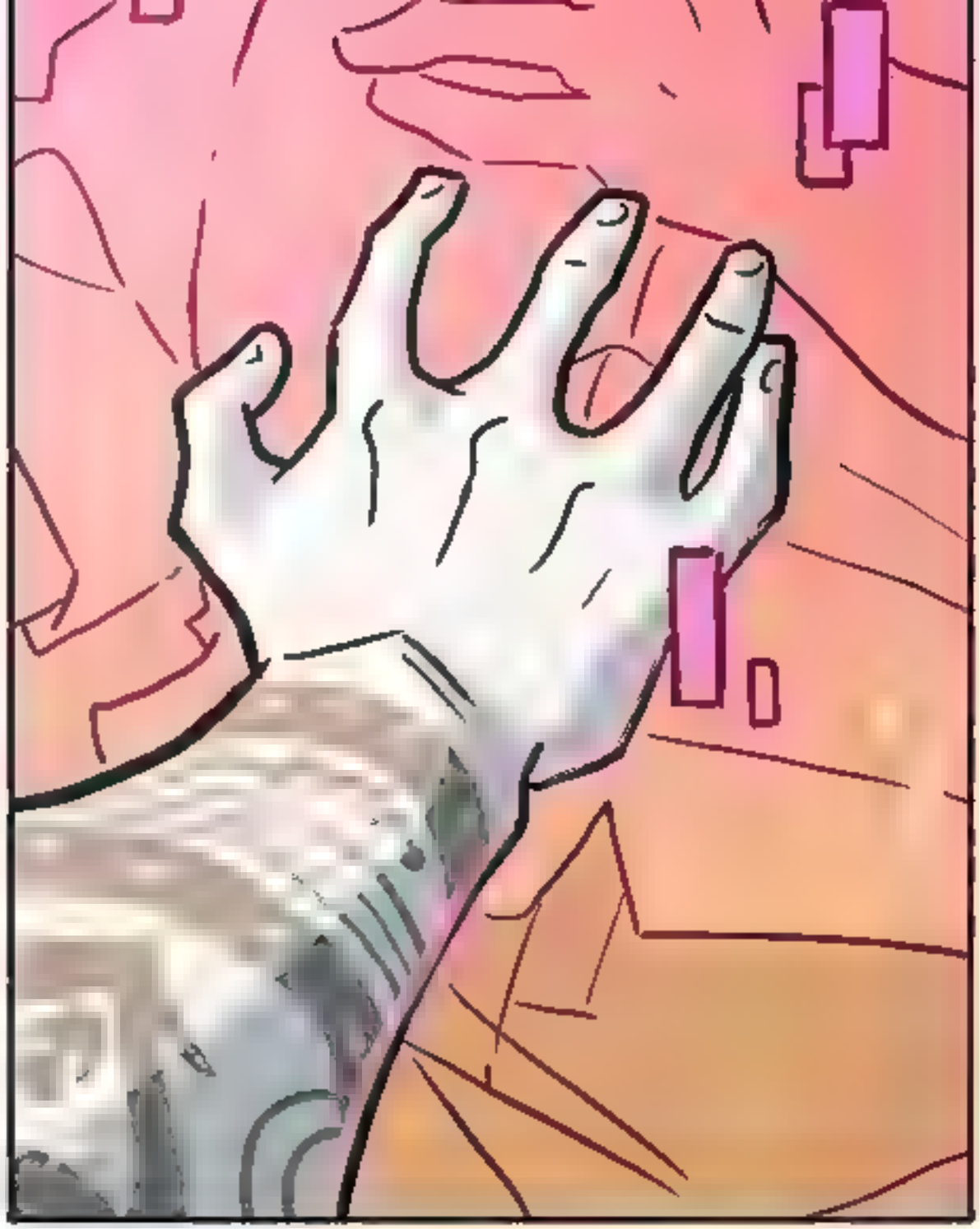
...Bah! Useless!
How many times are we going to have this conversation?



You've already failed Fail. Do you want to fail her next incarnation?

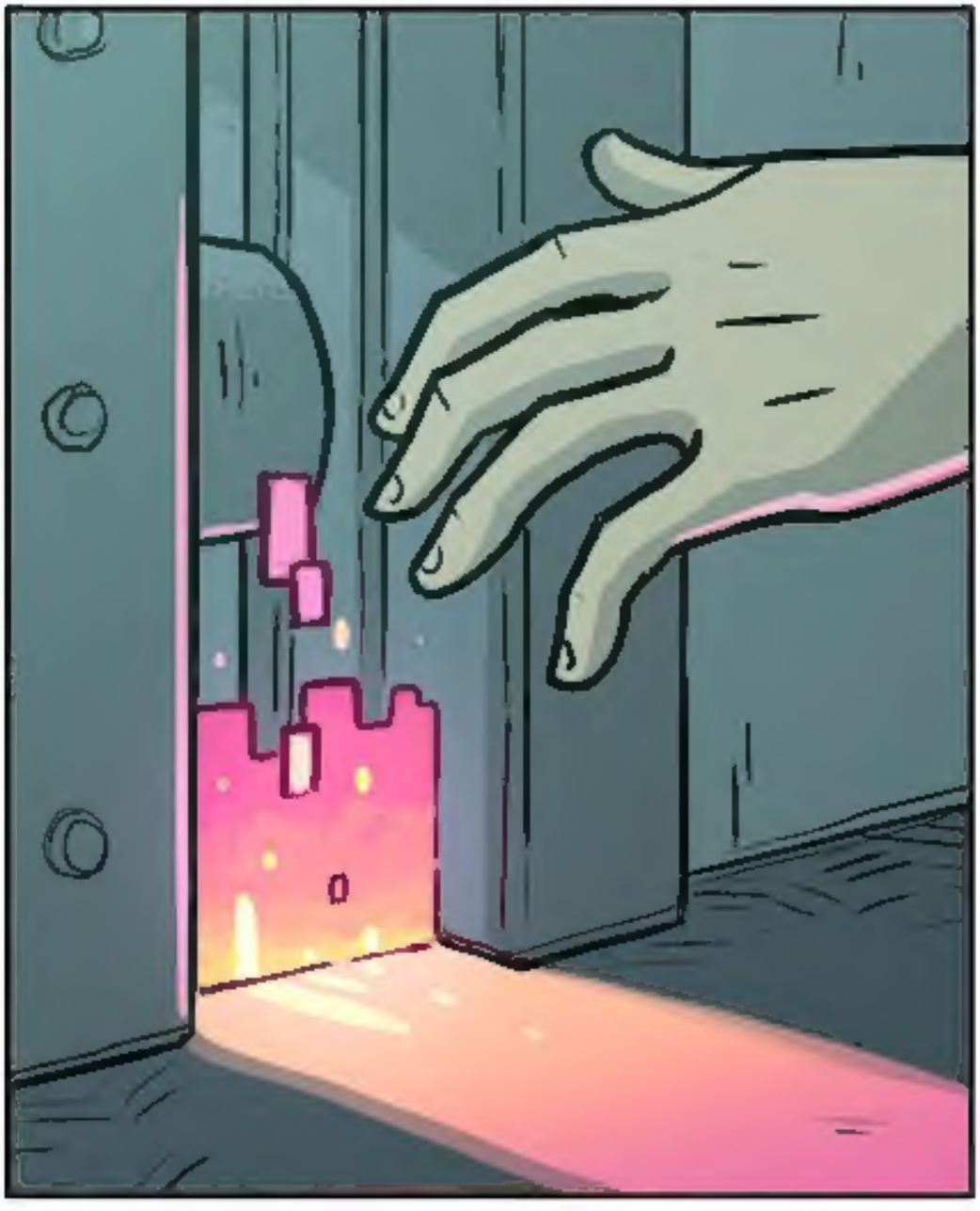
WHAM

BWOM



Right. Right. Still got a mean left hook.
Right then. I don't care. Do what you want with what time you have left.

"SLAM!



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